IDW
#2
WALTZ
JONES
SPICER
SILENT HILL
DOWNPOUR
Ryall State Corrections Facility
Pendleton, M.
RS273A
ANNE'S STORY

SILENT HILL DOWNPOUR

ANNE'S STORY

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Story So Far...

Anne, having survived the bus crash and a horrific journey through the dark, subterranean confines of Silent Hill's Devil's Pit, finds herself face-to-face at last with the man she blames for her father's long, torturous death: Murphy Pendleton.

Based on a story by Tomm Hulett, Devin Shatsky, Brian Gomez and Tom Waltz

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THIS PLACE...
MESSING WITH MY HEAD.
THE THINGS I'VE SEEN SINCE THE BUS CRASH—THE HORRORS. I DON'T KNOW IF I'M HURT OR HALLUCINATING... OR BOTH.
IT'S ALL BEEN SO CRAZY.
BUT THIS...
THIS FEELS VERY REAL.
PENDLETON!
THIS, I UNDERSTAND.

OUT OF ORDER
BUT... I SAW YOU—
HANDS AGAINST THE WALL!
I SAID, UP AGAINST THE WALL!
YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS. WE SHOULD HELP EACH OTHER.
THIS PLACE. I... I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS OR HOW WE GOT HERE, BUT—
WHAM
ENOUGH ALREADY! JUST SHUT UP!
THIS IS IT.
WHAT I'VE BEEN WANTING FOR SO LONG... WHAT I'VE WAITED FOR.
ALL THE PLANNING, ALL THE SACRIFICES, ALL THE SINS... ALL FOR THIS.
ALL FOR—
WHAT THE...?
DADDY.
WHERE DID YOU GET THIS? WHERE IN THE HELL DID YOU GET THIS?!
I JUST FOUND IT IN THESE CLOTHES! I DIDN'T—
IS THIS SOME KIND OF SICK JOKE TO YOU?!
NO, I SWEAR! I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON ANY MORE THAN YOU DO.

ON YOUR KNEES.
WHAT?
ON YOUR *FUCKING KNEES!*
YOU HEARTLESS BASTARD. YOU DON'T *DESERVE* TO LIVE.
YOU'RE NOT FIT TO WALK THIS EARTH WHILE GOOD, *DECENT* MEN—
LADY, I DON'T KNOW *WHO* YOU THINK I AM OR *WHAT* YOU THINK I'VE DONE BUT—
SHUT THE HELL UP!
YOU THINK THIS IS *FUNNY*, DON'T YOU?
WELL, LET'S SEE HOW FUNNY IT IS WITH A FUCKING *BULLET* IN YOUR HEAD.
"GOOD *SHOOTING*, ANNIE..."

...NICE, TIGHT GROUPING. CENTER MASS, JUST LIKE I TAUGHT YOU.
THANKS, DAD.
NOW CLEAR YOUR WEAPON AND I'LL HELP YOU GET THIS BRASS POLICED UP.
"SO, DO YOU THINK THOSE WERE KILL SHOTS, DAD?"
"YEAH, I'D SAY THOSE WOULD'VE DONE THE JOB, KIDDO."
"COOL."
YOU'RE A HELLUVA SHOT AND YOU RESPECT GUN SAFETY. YOU'RE GONNA BE A GOOD CORRECTIONS OFFICER SOMEDAY, I KNOW IT.
JUST REMEMBER THAT WE PRACTICE FOR A REASON—TO SAVE LIVES, NOT TO TAKE 'EM.
I MEAN, SHOOTING HAS TO BE THE LAST RESORT... ALWAYS. YOU'VE GOTTA USE ANY OTHER METHODS YOU HAVE AVAILABLE TO DIFFUSE DANGEROUS SITUATIONS FIRST.
YOU HAVE TO KEEP EVERYONE ALIVE, KIDDO. EVERYONE.
BUT... BUT WHAT IF THAT OTHER STUFF DOESN'T WORK?
THEN YOU'VE GOTTA DO WHATEVER IT TAKES TO KEEP YOURSELF ALIVE.
BUT WHEN YOU DRAW THAT PISTOL, YOU BETTER BE DAMN SURE YOU'RE RIGHT.
WE'RE NOT TALKING ABOUT SHOOTING CARDBOARD, ANNIE—WE'RE TALKING ABOUT KILLING ANOTHER HUMAN, AND ONCE YOU PULL THAT TRIGGER...

"...THERE'S NO TAKING IT BACK."
I CAN'T.
I CAN'T. I'M SORRY...
...I CAN'T DO IT.
GO...
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU WAITING FOR?
LEAVE ME ALONE, GODDAMMIT!
I'M SORRY.
"I'M SICK TO DEATH OF SORRY, ANNE..."

...THIS CAN'T GO ON! I KNOW YOU LOVE YOUR FATHER, BUT, DAMMIT, YOU'RE NOT A *NURSE* AND NEITHER AM I.
HE'S GOTTA GO SOMEPLACE WHERE THEY'RE *TRAINED* TO TAKE CARE OF SOMEONE LIKE HIM!
I'M TAKING CARE OF HIM JUST FINE, MARK.
YEAH? WHAT ABOUT THIS *MARRIAGE?* ARE YOU TAKING CARE OF *THAT* "JUST FINE," TOO?
'CAUSE THAT SEEMS TO BE JUST AS *PARALYZED* AS YOUR DAD RIGHT NOW, ANNE.
WHATEVER.
NO—NOT WHATEVER.
I'M *NOT* GONNA LET YOU BLOW ME OFF SO EASILY, GODDAMMIT.
YOU CAN'T CONTINUE THIS WAY—GET THAT THROUGH YOUR STUBBORN HEAD. HE NEEDS TO BE PUT IN A HOME WITH A FULL DAMN NURSING STAFF AND NOT JUST ONE PERSON RUNNING RAGGED TO CHANGE HIS DIRTY DIAPERS.
I MEAN, LOOK AT YOU, ANNE. THIS IS KILLING YOU—KILLING *US*—FASTER THAN IT'S KILLING HIM.
GET YOUR HAND OFF ME. NOW.
FINE.
HE DOESN'T NEED A NURSE. HE'S MY *FAMILY*. I'LL HANDLE THIS.
YEAH, WELL, *I'M* YOUR FAMILY, TOO, AND I WON'T LET YOU MAKE ME THE BAD GUY IN THIS.
I WANT WHAT'S BEST FOR YOUR DAD AND I WANT WHAT'S BEST FOR US...

"...AND *NEITHER ONE* OF THOSE THINGS ARE HAPPENING IN THIS FUCKING HOUSE RIGHT NOW."
DAD?
WHO... *WHO'S* THAT WITH YOU?
I SAID, WHO THE HELL *ARE* YOU, LADY?
I'M TAKING CARE OF HIM. HE DOESN'T NEED A GODDAMN...
...NURSE.
KRAK
GUH!

NO...
AHH!
CRAZY BITCH!
FWUMP
DAD! WE GOTTA GO!
I TOLD YOU I'D TAKE CARE OF YOU.
DAD?

GODDAMN WHORE. WHAT THE HELL'D YOU *DO* TO HI—
FWAP
UNH!
SHUNK
I CAN...
I CAN TAKE CARE OF THINGS, DADDY...

EONARD B. TR NT
WARDEN
I CAN'T DO IT, CUNNINGHAM. SORRY.
THERE'S A HIRING FREEZE ON AT RYALL STATE AND THE WARDEN OVER THERE'S HANDS ARE TIED. MUCH AS I'D LIKE TO GREEN LIGHT YOUR EMPLOYMENT TRANSFER, I JUST CAN'T.
'SIDES, WHY WOULD YOU WANNA WORK AT A SEPARATE FACILITY THAN YOUR HUSBAND? THAT KINDA COMMUTING'S GOTTA BE HELL ON A MARRIAGE.
THIS ISN'T ABOUT MARK.
NO... I FIGURED NOT. YOUR FATHER, RIGHT?
THAT MESS CAN'T BE MUCH GOOD FOR A MARRIAGE, EITHER, I'LL BET.
ALL DUE RESPECT, WARDEN TRENT, MY MARRIAGE IS MY BUSINESS.
I JUST CAME TO CHECK ON THE JOB TRANSFER. IF YOU CAN'T HELP ME THEN I'LL JUST GET BACK TO WORK.
CUNNINGHAM, HOLD UP.

LOOK—I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TRYING TO DO. YOU WANNA GET AT THAT PENDLETON ASSHOLE WHO DID YOUR FATHER. I DON'T BLAME YOU.
THING IS, THERE REALLY IS A JOB FREEZE ON AT RYALL, SO YOUR TRANSFER'S OUT. BUT... WORD COMING THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE IS THAT THEY'RE PLANNING TO DUMP SOME INVENTORY SOON.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
OVERCROWDING.
THEY GOT MORE INMATES THAN THEY CAN HANDLE AND ARE LOOKING TO MOVE A BUNCH TO OTHER FACILITIES IN THE STATE—INCLUDING WAYSIDE.
WHICH MEANS I CAN'T GET YOU THAT JOB TRANSFER...
...BUT I CAN STILL GET YOU WHAT YOU WANT.
PENDLETON.
YEAH—THAT SICK FUCK.
IT'S JUST, THESE THINGS TAKE TIME—LOTS OF POLITICS AND PAPERWORK INVOLVED, YOU KNOW? BIG EFFORT ON MY PART AND MUCH AS I WANNA HELP YOU, THIS KINDA HEADACHE'S GONNA REQUIRE SOME... MUTUAL GAIN.
MUTUAL GAIN? HOW SO?
EASY.
IN ORDER TO GET, YOU GOTTA GIVE.

YOU SAY YOUR MARRIAGE IS YOUR BUSINESS, BUT YOU GOTTA UNDERSTAND— EVERYTHING THAT GOES ON AT WAYSIDE IS MY BUSINESS. EVERYTHING.
ESPECIALLY IF TWO OF MY C.O.S ARE HAVING MARITAL PROBLEMS. THAT KINDA THING TENDS TO CARRY OVER TO THE JOB, AND NOT IN GOOD WAYS.
A GOOD WARDEN KEEPS HIS EYES ON THESE THINGS.
AND I'VE DEFINITELY HAD MY EYE ON YOU, CUNNINGHAM.
IT'S A REAL SHAME WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR DAD AND TO YOUR MARRIAGE, BUT MAYBE I CAN MAKE YOU FEEL A LITTLE BETTER ABOUT BOTH.
GIVE YOU SOME RESOLUTION WITH THAT SHITHEAD PENDLETON AND SHOW YOU SOME OF THE FUN YOU'VE BEEN MISSING AT HOME AT THE SAME TIME.
WE BOTH GET WHAT WE WANT. MUTUAL GAIN...
...A TIT FOR A TAT.
YOU'RE CRAZY.
I'M GONNA WALK OUT OF HERE AND PRETEND THIS NEVER HAPPENED.
THAT'S BECAUSE IT DIDN'T HAPPEN. YOUR WORD AGAINST MINE, RIGHT?
JUST REMEMBER, THIS AIN'T ABOUT ME, CUNNINGHAM...

"...IT'S ABOUT HOW MUCH *YOU* LOVE YOUR FATHER."
GUH!
GONE. THE MONSTERS...
GONE.
I MUST BE LOSING MY MIND. I—
COFFEE
YOU LOVED HIM VERY MUCH...
...DIDN'T YOU, CUNNINGHAM?

SO VERY MUCH.

NO!
AND YOU LOVED ME, TOO, DIDN'T YOU, LITTLE GIRL?
IN SO MANY WAYS...
SO MANY DELICIOUS WAYS.

GET AWAY!
ALL THOSE THINGS WE DID TOGETHER...
HRK!
ALL THOSE SICK THINGS.
NNRRKG...
FOR MUTUAL GAIN, REMEMBER?
A TIT FOR A TAT.
NUH... NUH...
NO!

STAY *AWAY* FROM ME!
SO MUCH LOVE, LITTLE GIRL.
STAY AWAY...
SO MUCH DESPERATE, DIRTY LUST, TOO...
NO, I SWEAR...
...ALL FOR DADDY.
DADDY'S BAD LITTLE GIRL.
...I'M *GOOD*, DADDY.
PLEASE, BELIEVE ME...

...YOUR GOOD LITTLE GIRL.
YOUNG LADY...
...ARE YOU OKAY?
I SAID, STAY AWAY!
WHOA, WHOA THERE, YOUNG LADY. I WASN'T TRYIN' TO FRIGHTEN YOU. JUST WANTED TO SEE IF YOU WERE DOIN' OKAY, THAT'S ALL.
MY APOLOGIES FOR SPOOKIN' YOU.
WHO... WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?
NAME'S HOWARD, MA'AM.
HOWARD BLACKWOOD.
I'M THE MAILMAN AROUND HERE.
WHERE'S HERE?
HERE IS SILENT HILL.
HOME AWAY FROM HOME, SOME MIGHT TO SAY.

SHIT.
ARE YOU HURT?
NAH... JUST GOT THE CRAP KNOCKED OUTTA MY HEAD IN A BUS CRASH. BEEN LOOPY EVER SINCE—DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW THE HELL I GOT HERE.
BUS CRASH, HUH? IN THE RAVINE?
YEAH. HOW'D YOU KNOW?
OH, THAT'S WHERE THAT OTHER FELLA CAME FROM—THE ONE IN THE PRISON CLOTHES. HE—
PRISON CLOTHES? YOU SAW HIM? YOU SAW THAT BASTARD?
YES, MA'AM.
WHERE THE FUCK WAS HE?
HEADIN' INTO TOWN LAST I SAW. I'D WAGER HE'S THERE NOW.
WHERE?!
WELL, WHERE HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE, OF COURSE.
WHAT THE HELL'S THAT MEAN?
MEANS THESE OLD BONES GOTTA GET BACK TO WORK, MA'AM.
MAIL NEEDS DELIVERIN' AND YOU KNOW HOW FOLKS DON'T LIKE TO BE KEPT WAITIN' FOR THE THINGS THEY WANT.

WHATEVER. I'LL JUST FIND THAT ASSHOLE MYSELF.
I'M SURE YOU WILL, YOUNG LADY...
I'M SURE YOU WILL.
FUCKING PENDLETON...
PENDLETON— THAT'S RIGHT!
WHAT?
THE OTHER FELLA—MURPHY PENDLETON.
BEEN HEARIN' HIS NAME ALL OVER THE RADIO TODAY...
...ALL KINDA FOLKS MAKIN' SONG DEDICATIONS TO HIM AND THE LIKE.
RADIO STATION?
YEP. BIG OL' BUILDIN' WITH A CLOCK ON THE TOP. CAN'T MISS IT. MIGHT BE SOME ANSWERS WAITIN' FOR YOU THERE. WORTH CHECKIN' OUT, ANYWAYS.
BUT BE CAREFUL—LOOKS LIKE WE'RE IN FOR SOME RAIN...
"...AND IT'S FIXIN' TO COME DOWN MIGHTY HARD."
TO BE CONTINUED.